

SPORTS REVIEW

January 1982

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Wrestling

**Bob Backlund vs. Magnificent Muraco:
THE TWO MINUTES THAT FOILED
THE WIZARD'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN**



*The Reckless Beauty
vs. The Sultry
Schoolteacher:*



**Chavo Guerrero's
Strange Search:
"TO JOIN ME,
YOU MUST
DEFEAT ME!"**

**ANDRE THE GIANT:
FUTURE FREEBIRD
OR HIRED HITMAN?**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—GREG VALENTINE
- 2—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 3—KILLER KHAN
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—PEDRO MORALES
- 6—KING KONG MOSCA
- 7—PAT PATTERSON
- 8—RICK MARTEL
- 9—GEORGE STEELE
- 10—ROBERTO SOTO

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL

- 1—CRUSHER
- 2—HULK HOGAN
- 3—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 4—TITO SANTANA
- 5—SHEIK ADNAN AL-KAISSIE
- 6—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 7—KEN PATERA
- 8—GREG GAGNE
- 9—GINO HERNANDEZ
- 10—JIM BRUNZELL

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—TOMMY RICH
- 5—BOB BACKLUND
- 6—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 7—MIL MASCARAS
- 8—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—KEVIN VON ERICH



BOB BACKLUND



RIC FLAIR



NICK BOCKWINKEL



WAHOO McDANIEL

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: RIC FLAIR

- 1—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 2—TOMMY RICH
- 3—IVAN KOLOFF
- 4—DUSTY RHODES
- 5—HARLEY RACE
- 6—CHARLIE COOK
- 7—JOHN STUDD
- 8—TED DIBIASE
- 9—BOB ROOP
- 10—JERRY BRISCO

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 2—TONY GAREA & RICK MARTEL
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—THE ASSASSINS
- 5—JIMMY SNUKA & TERRY GORDY
- 6—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF & CHRIS MARKOFF
- 7—MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO
- 8—THE SAMDANS
- 9—TULLY BLANCHARD & GINO HERNANDEZ
- 10—MASSA FUCHI & MR. ONEIDA

MOST HATED

- 1—GREG VALENTINE
- 2—RODDY PIPER
- 3—JIMMY SNUKA
- 4—HARLEY RACE
- 5—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 6—KEN PATERA
- 7—KILLER KHAN
- 8—EDDY MANSFIELD
- 9—KING KONG MOSCA
- 10—TERRY GORDY

THE TATTLER

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen
Chicago, Ill.

Warren Knowles
Seattle, Wash.

Allison Corey
New York, N.Y.

Andre Camus
Montreal, Canada

Buddy Ford
St. Louis, Mo.

Masanori Murikami
Tokyo, Japan

Andy Rankowski
Portland, Ore.

Myron Roth
Miami, Fla.

Clifford Douglas
Denver, Colo.

Kevin McCloud
Boston, Mass.

Leroy Jackson
Detroit, Mich.

Danny Torres
Los Angeles, Ca.

B.W. Foreman
Atlanta, Ga.

Paul Dreiser
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carl Salinger
Richmond, Va.

Geoffrey York
Toronto, Canada

Charles F. Amberson
St. Paul, Minn.

Cedric Coleridge
Sydney, Australia

George Hawkins
Bangor, Me.

Ed Remington
Indianapolis, Ind.

Diane Goh
Honolulu, Hi.

James Washington
Houston, Tex.

John West
Baltimore, Md.

Ellen Larsen
Charlotte, N.C.

Butch Gallagher
San Francisco, Ca.

Virginia W. Sloan
Amarillo, Tex.

Randy Swift
Memphis, Tenn.

Barry Simon
Tampa, Fla.

TAMPA, FL—In this age when communications fly at the speed of light, feuds and rivalries that begin in one area are seen in places thousands of miles away almost as soon as



TULLY BLANCHARD

they are occurring. Perhaps that is why Mike Graham and Tully Blanchard found that a feud which started in Texas had to end here in Florida.

The hatred between the two began during Graham's Texas tour a few months ago. In a match against Blanchard in the Sam Houston Coliseum, a wild, bloody brawl resulted with Graham being disqualified. The match was televised by "The

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Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!



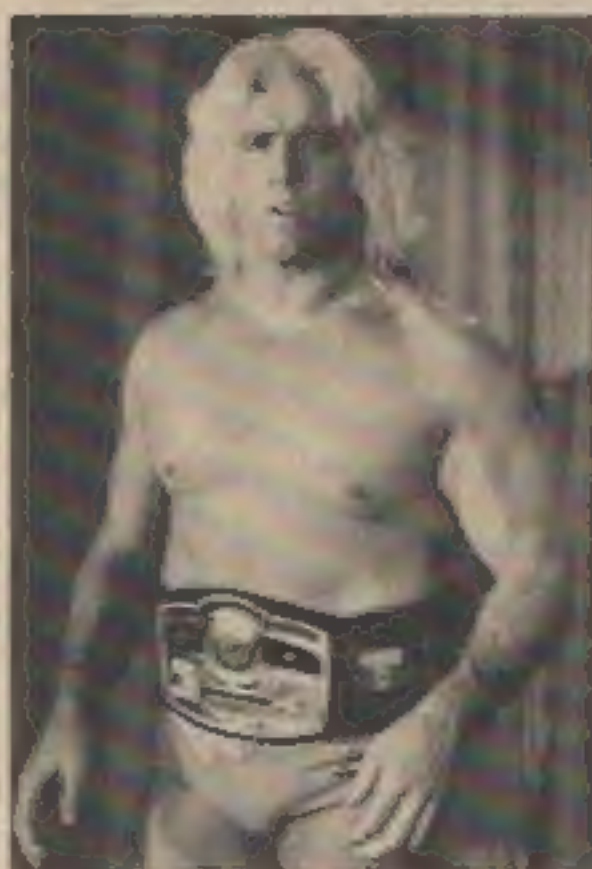
Ric Flair is congratulated by some fans and jeered by others as he departs the Memorial Hall arena in Kansas City, Missouri, with the NWA belt (above). Flair, a former U.S. titleholder, has long sought this prestigious NWA championship.

THE HIGH-FIVES, back-slapping, and congratulations bounced off Ric Flair as he walked down the corridor to his dressing room. Dangling from his shoulder was a 10-pound piece of leather, jewels, and metal known as the NWA belt. Just moments earlier, Flair had written his name onto the most hallowed roster in sports. He had defeated Dusty Rhodes to become the new NWA champion.

"Man, I can't believe it!" Flair shouted as his dressing room filled with reporters. "It's mine! Mine! I won it!" Flair removed the belt from his shoulder and looked at it. "Gotta polish it up immediately. I think Rhodes let it get a little dirty."

Sports Review Wrestling is proud to name Flair "Wrestler of the Month" for his great achievement. But ending the reign of a popular and great champion like Rhodes puts heavy responsibilities on young Flair's broad shoulders.

"Sure I feel a responsibility to



the belt," said Flair. "But I've also got a responsibility to me. I've had a lot of bumps and bruises and broken bones on my way to winning this belt. I've lost more blood in some matches than most humans lose in a lifetime. I've gotta hold onto this baby. Anyway I can."

The last two sentences froze the room like a blast from the ice age. For the past few years, Flair has been wrestling as a scientific fan favorite in the Mid-Atlantic area. Would winning the belt change him?

"The fans can cheer for me if they want to," Flair said. "But if they boo me, well, I'm sure not gonna retire as champion because my feelings are hurt. I'm the king now. I've gotta bring this belt all over the world. Sooner or later I'm gonna come face to face with some local hero in some town I've never been in before. No matter how I wrestle, those fans are gonna razz me."

As Flair was finishing his statement, the phone on the dressing room wall started to ring. It was picked up by a reporter, who relayed the information that it was for Flair. "It's a collect call from Rick Steamboat in Virginia," the reporter said. "You wanna take it, Flair?"

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WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 10)



While the rest of the people in the room laughed, Flair remained serious. He walked over to the phone and grabbed it in his beefy right hand.

"Yo, Ricky, what's up?" Flair said into the receiver. "Hey, man, no big deal. Tubby Rhodes is overrated. Huh? Hey, my man, I can't grant you any special favors. You want a shot at the belt, become the top contender. No, I'm not bein' a wise guy. Hey, look, Rick, we'll discuss this later. I've got a room full of reporters on deadline. Later, bro."

As Flair hung up the phone and walked over to the training table, the questions fired at him became an unintelligible blending of everyone's voice. Finally, a reporter with the loudest voice was recognized by Flair.

"You want to know if winning the belt will change the way I feel about my friends?" Flair said. "Well, let me put it this way. In wrestling, there is no future or past. If I have a friend now, it doesn't mean he'll be my friend a minute

Flair, a powerfully built athlete, tries to force Dusty Rhodes' shoulders to the canvas (above). Dusty, who held the title for 2½ months, puts all his weight into a hammerlock (below).



from now. The only friend I really need is this fine fellow right here," Flair concluded, holding the NWA belt aloft.

Sports Review Wrestling is happy to give Ric Flair our "Wrestler of the Month" award.

However, the questions raised by his title reign are many. We hope Flair will continue to wrestle in the scientific style he has used over the past few years. But now, just days into his reign, it is too early to tell which way he will go. □

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views month, we'll ask a controversial question answer—no matter what those answers might be!

and opinions. Each and have the fans

THE QUESTION:

"Is there too much violence in wrestling?"

THE ANSWERS:

Ted Cavendale, New York, NY:

"Of course not, are you kidding? Wrestling is a violent sport, you've got to expect there to be a lot of violence. I know, you're talking about Killer Khan breaking legs, or Greg Valentine maiming people,



Greg Valentine weakens Paul Jones' leg before applying the figure-four leglock. Does Valentine's use of this hold constitute illegal violence?

right? Listen . . . any man that steps into the ring with a Khan or a Valentine knows what he's getting himself into. You would expect

Khan to maybe waltz around the ring for a half hour? Forget it! He's going to go for the jugular, and anyone who doesn't expect it is a damn fool."

Ralph Aten, Seattle, WA: "Hey, buddy, if you ask me, there isn't



Both Dusty Rhodes and The Sheik bleed from head wounds. Many fans are disgusted by sights like this.

enough violence to begin with! Try and mix it up with a Dusty Rhodes and look where it'll get you—nowhere. He'll stop wrestling and point to the middle of the ring, like he's saying 'Come here, boy, let's wrestle.' Forget about it, man. If Rhodes just threw all caution to the wind and ripped into some of the clowns, he'd be the kind of champion we could all be proud of. As it is now, he's just a prancing fool!"

Mike Arthur, Atlanta, GA: "Yes, too much violence by a long shot. Look, you've got a bozo like Don Muraco using things like the Asiatic Spike on people. Do you think that's wrestling? Bull! It's nothing but cowardly back-



Magnificent Muraco's Asiatic Spike is about to take another victim. This tactic is another form of a choke, and many feel it should be banned.

stabbing! He doesn't even come face to face with his victim . . . he sneaks up behind them. I don't call that wrestling at all, I call it chicken."

(Continued on page 52)

TOP WRESTLER YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING**, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:
"How does wrestling in the 1980s compare with the '60s and '70s?"

Submitted by:
Terry Ann Compson,
Jackson,
Mississippi



BRUNO SAMMARTINO

"I believe the sport has become more demanding. When I broke into wrestling back in the early-'60s, all you needed to succeed was a few good maneuvers. I was able to win matches on just sheer strength. As the years progressed, I had to learn more about wrestling holds and counters. Sure the sport became tougher. But I think it made me a better wrestler."



JACK BRISCO

"There's no doubt in my mind wrestling is far more difficult today than it was even a few years ago. Not only is it harder to get to the top, it's almost impossible to stay there. I mean, we've had what, six or seven different NWA champions in just the last couple of years. I'm telling you, it's real hard to win consistently these days."



MR. WRESTLING II

"Well, I think a big change has been in the fans. They've become far more knowledgeable. Back in the '60s and '70s, most fans really didn't understand the intricacies of the sport. They used to yell things like 'Kill 'em.' Today, I hear fans, sometimes no older than 10 or 11, saying things like, 'You can beat him if you get good leverage on a back-to-front salto.' Today's fans really know their stuff."



ANDRE THE GIANT

"I hate to say this, but it seems as if wrestling is becoming less of a sport and more of a war. When I started back in the '70s, it was easy to go from place to place and wrestle. Today when you enter an area, you've got to decide immediately which side you're on, the scientific wrestlers or the rulebreakers. It's a constant struggle between the two groups. And I keep getting stuck right in the middle."

RS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



RIC FLAIR

"Well, it depends. For old guys like Rhodes and Race, obviously the sport is harder. For the younger, quicker, smarter guys like me, wrestling is a piece of cake. So long as I only have to defend my belt against dinosaurs like Wrestling II and Dusty Rhodes, I should be NWA champion at least until the next decade, perhaps longer."



LOU THESZ

"The biggest change in wrestling in the '80s is in the size and strength of the athletes. This is a trend that began in the '70s, actually. You know, when I was NWA champion back in the middle-'60s, I was considered big at 6'3" and 235 pounds. Today, I'm almost considered a junior heavyweight. You've got guys with enormous size and strength everywhere."



GRAND WIZARD

"I believe managers have made a big change. There's no doubt that a man with a smart manager is better off than one without. Managers have turned this from a sport of beefy dummies into a mini-war with programmed super-humans. Obviously, the sport is better today because of my intelligence. When I control wrestling, it will become even better."



KEN PATERA

"This is an easy question for me to answer. The biggest change in wrestling over the past few years has been in the standard of living for referees. As everyone knows, the three world champions pay enormous sums to the refs to make sure I don't win their titles. A few years ago, refs could barely afford to take the bus. Today they all drive Rolls-Royces."



IVAN PUTSKI

"In many ways, I feel wrestling in the '80s is a lot worse than it was in the '60s and '70s. Oh, I don't mean in the competition, obviously that's much better. But I think a lot of the joy has gone out of the sport. It's all become such a business."



LARRY ZBYSZKO

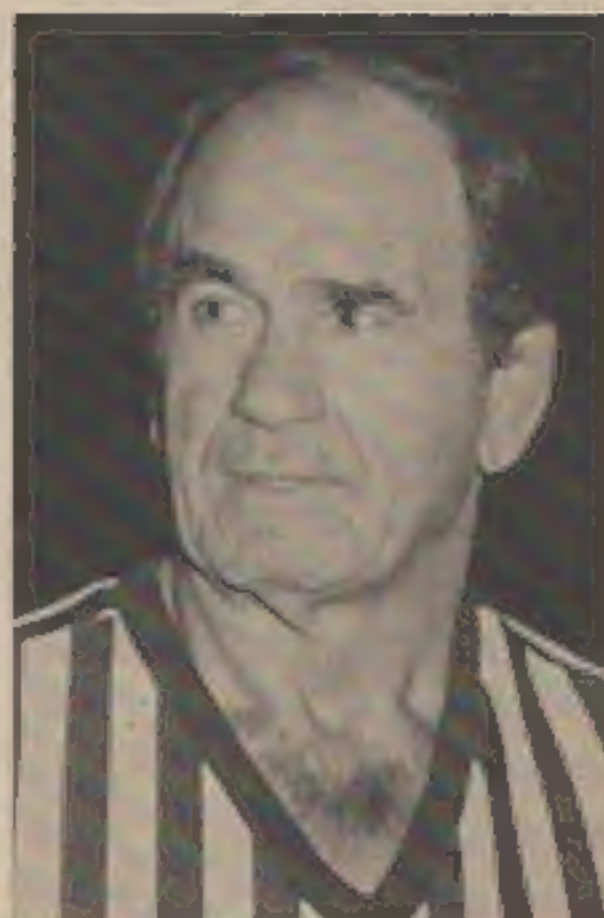
"Now is now, then was then. The '70s was a time for Bruno and Morales and Backlund. The '80s is the time of Larry Zbyszko. So I believe you have the answer to your question. With me on top of the sport, wrestling has obviously entered its Golden Age."



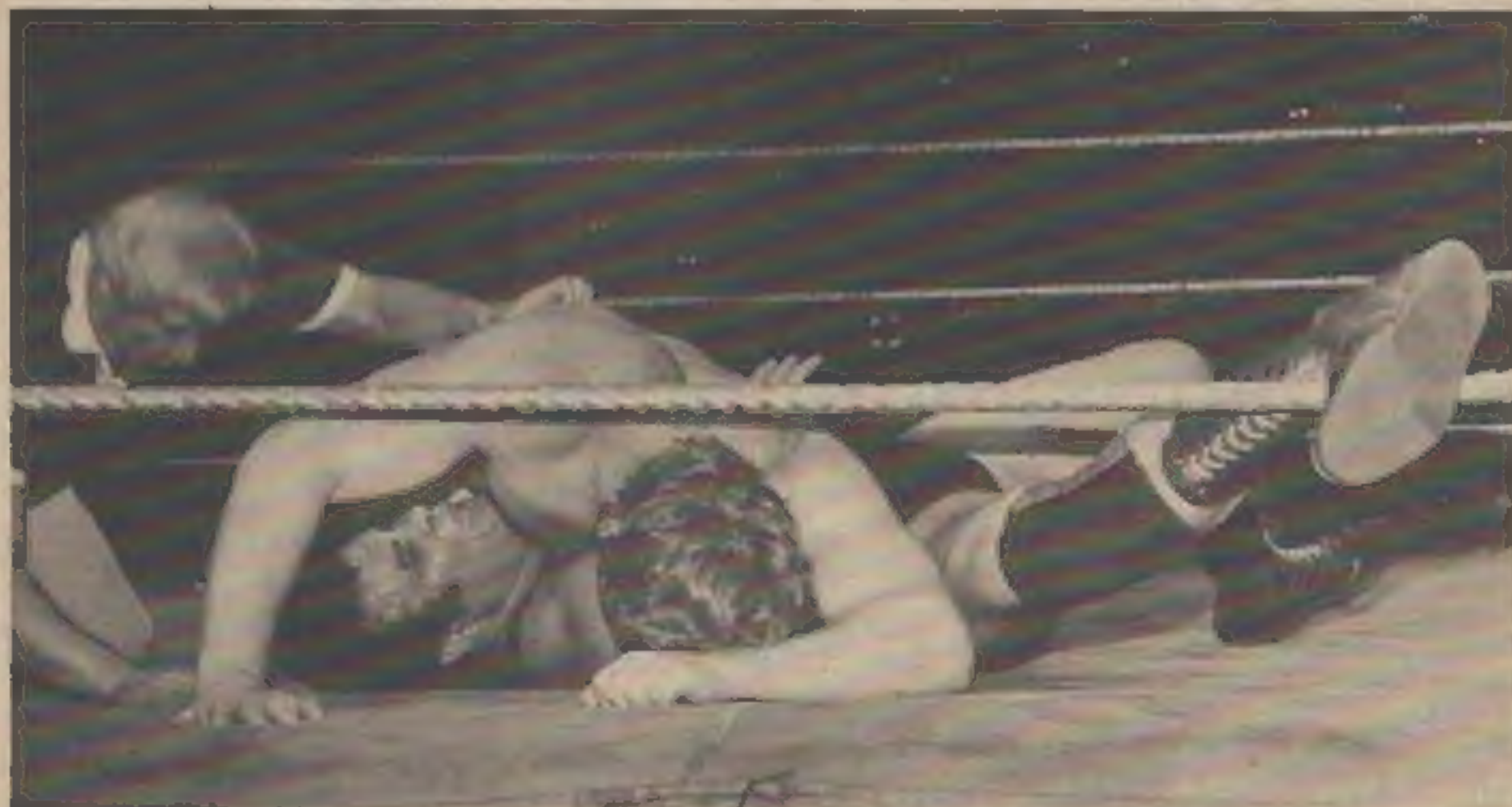
From time to time, the editors of this magazine find it necessary to condemn those in wrestling who would subvert the basic principles of decency, integrity, and honesty. Without such truths, our sport will die

RARELY WILL THIS magazine take an editorial stance in favor of the group of wrestlers commonly known as "rule-breakers." Their selfish means to personal goals do nothing for the sport of professional wrestling but systematically tear apart its very foundation.

Their existence, however, is an undeniable fact of life. The purpose of this editorial is not to change that; only the wrestling commissions have the power to stop the affliction, and they seem unwilling at this time to do so. As long as these men are permitted to make their living within the



Former six-time NWA champion Lou Thesz (above) is well-qualified to referee, but his impartiality in the ring is questionable. Bob Backlund retains his WWF title against King Kong Mosca with an illegal pin, but referee Pat Patterson doesn't seem to notice (below).



framework of the sport of professional wrestling (though we hesitate to call them wrestlers), they must be afforded the same rights as those more conventional participants, commonly known as "scientific" wrestlers.

A recent trend within the sport is severely infringing upon those rights. And we accuse the three wrestling commissions of

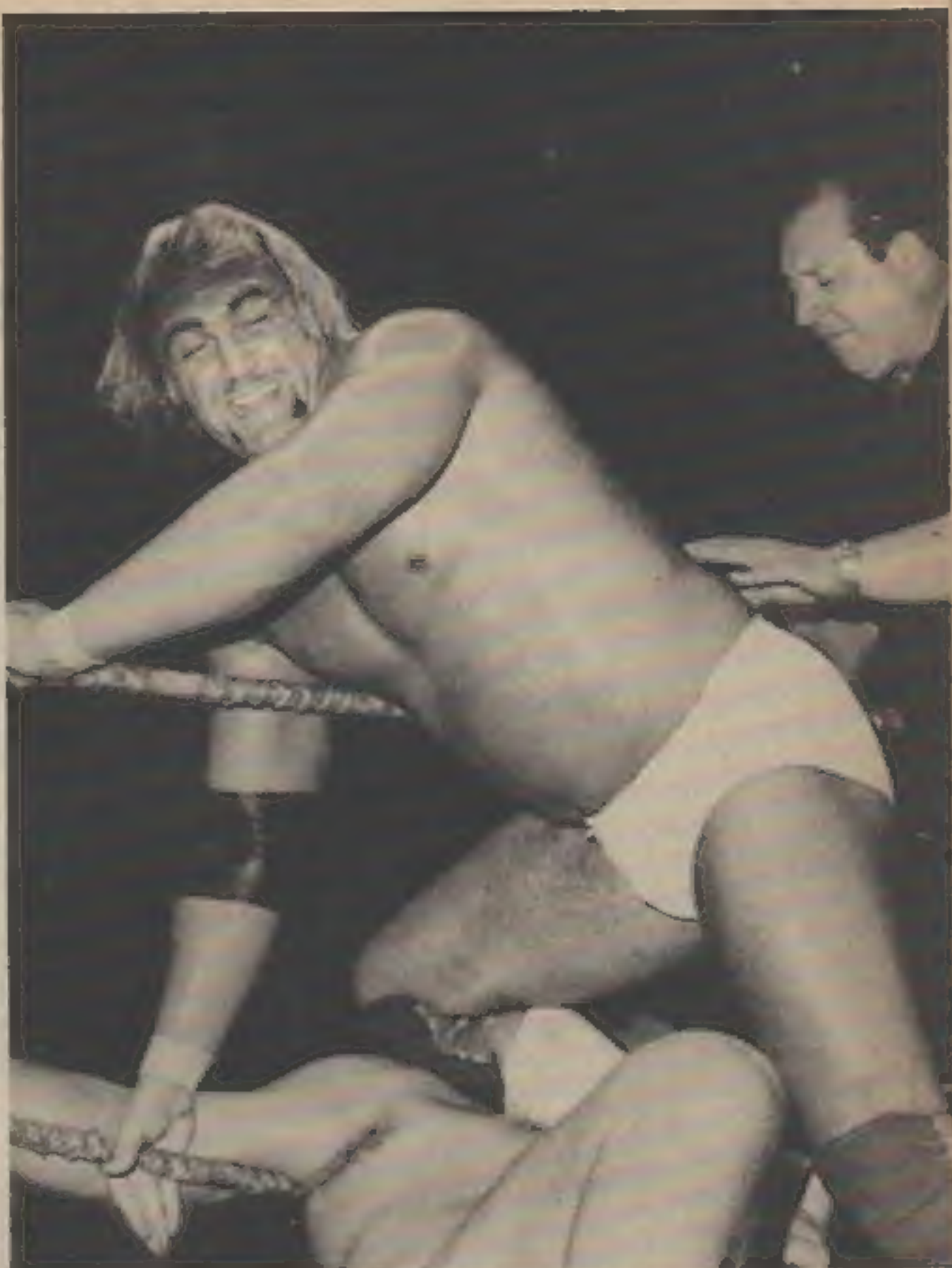


knowingly committing this unfair act.

Our gripe lies with the seemingly logical act of employing active wrestlers as "special referees" to control select feuds within the sport. We call this practice "logical" because it is inherently impossible for a human of average physical capabilities (a normal referee) to control the violence that bitter hatred between two superhumans can manifest.

Unfortunately, the selection of these men has been more suited to the popularity of the fans than to the needs of the sport. A feature story on page 26 of this magazine reports the outrage of manager Fred Blassie who charges Killer Khan was maliciously beaten by Andre the Giant while "special referees" Pat Patterson and Gorilla Monsoon did *nothing* to prevent the massacre.

It is well-known throughout the



Pat O'Connor (above left), another former NWA champion, has refereed matches involving his friends. Gorilla Monsoon, who is utilized as special referee because of his size, pulls Hulk Hogan off Andre the Giant (above).

sport that Patterson and Monsoon are close friends of Andre. How could the World Wrestling Federation allow these men to serve as impartial officials in such a predictably violent confrontation? The answer lies beyond our comprehension.

There is no denying that men like Patterson, Monsoon, Lou Thesz, and Pat O'Connor are fully qualified referees. But they are only human. While they can outwardly claim to be impartial, the sight of a suffering friend must

be a tremendous strain. It is only natural that they would find some way to relieve that suffering.

Special referees are used in an attempt to maintain order during particularly violent matches. In itself, it's a commendable attempt. In a sport where the violence of Texas Death Matches, Steel Cage Matches, and Lights Out Matches are used to "solve" feuds, an attempt at a reduction of violence is a worthy attempt.

Biased referees, however, can only add fuel to the fire. □

Fred Blassie's Vow
**"FOR WHAT THEY DID TO
KHAN-- PATTERSON AND**



Andre the Giant was out for revenge against Killer Khan. After disposing of Khan to the point where he had to be carried out of the ring on a stretcher, the Giant beat Khan with that very stretcher. Special referees Pat Patterson and Gorilla Monsoon merely watched. Fred Blassie will not let them get away with it

MONSOON MUST DIE!"

By Fred Blassie

OKAY, ALL OF you pencil necked geeks, listen up here, because Freddie Blassie, the manager's manager, is going to open your eyes to one of the most horrible, one of the most brutal acts of sadism and cruelty ever to occur within the confines of the squared circle.

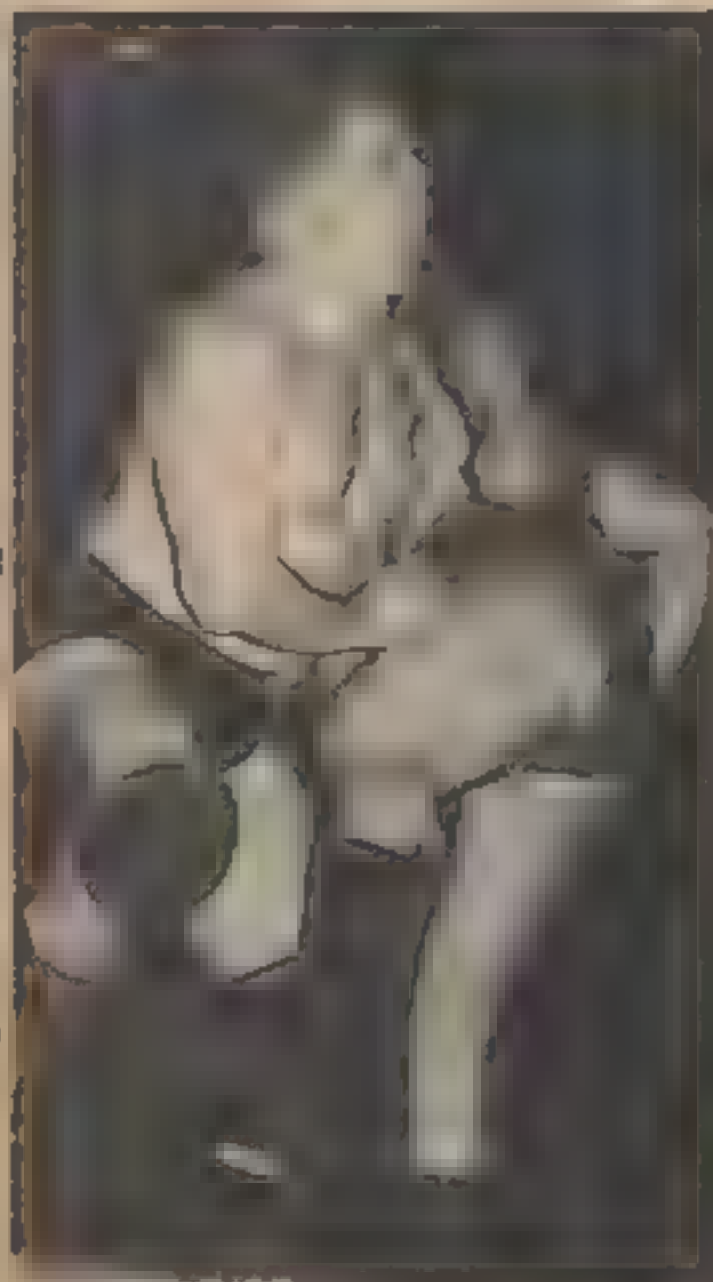
My man, the Mongolian juggernaut, Killer Khan, was the victim of a conspiracy between those two despicable men who happened to be masquerading as referees that evening Pat Patterson and Gorilla Monsoon. I'll tell you right now, before everyone that reads this magazine, in front of the eyes of the world: Patterson and Monsoon will not get away with it. For what they did to Khan. Patterson and Monsoon must die!

That geek-freak Andre the Giant is so beloved by you blind fans, by you people who think the sun shines on him every day. Well, I ask you people now; are you going to place your pride in a man who would kick another when he is down? Would you support someone who hits a man with the very stretcher that he is being carried out on?

All you geeks think Andre is an honorable man, a man to be respected? How can you respect someone who is so brutal as to treat another wrestler like that? It's inhuman, plain and simple. You know that, I know that, and Patterson and Monsoon know



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



that. Which is why the fact that they failed to intervene when Andre lost his mind proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was an insidious conspiracy against Khan.

It would not surprise me to learn that Andre the Geek actually paid off those two baboons, either. Look at the evidence: they simply stood by and did absolutely nothing while Khan was brutally assaulted. They didn't even look the other way while it was happening, and you can see that by looking at the photos. They're looking straight at Khan, and doing absolutely nothing about it.

Now everyone knows that Classy Fred Blassie is a man of honor and respect, and I will not sit by and do nothing while this great injustice is perpetuated. There is too much about this situation that demands that the King of Men and superstar supreme not sit back and let the matter slide.

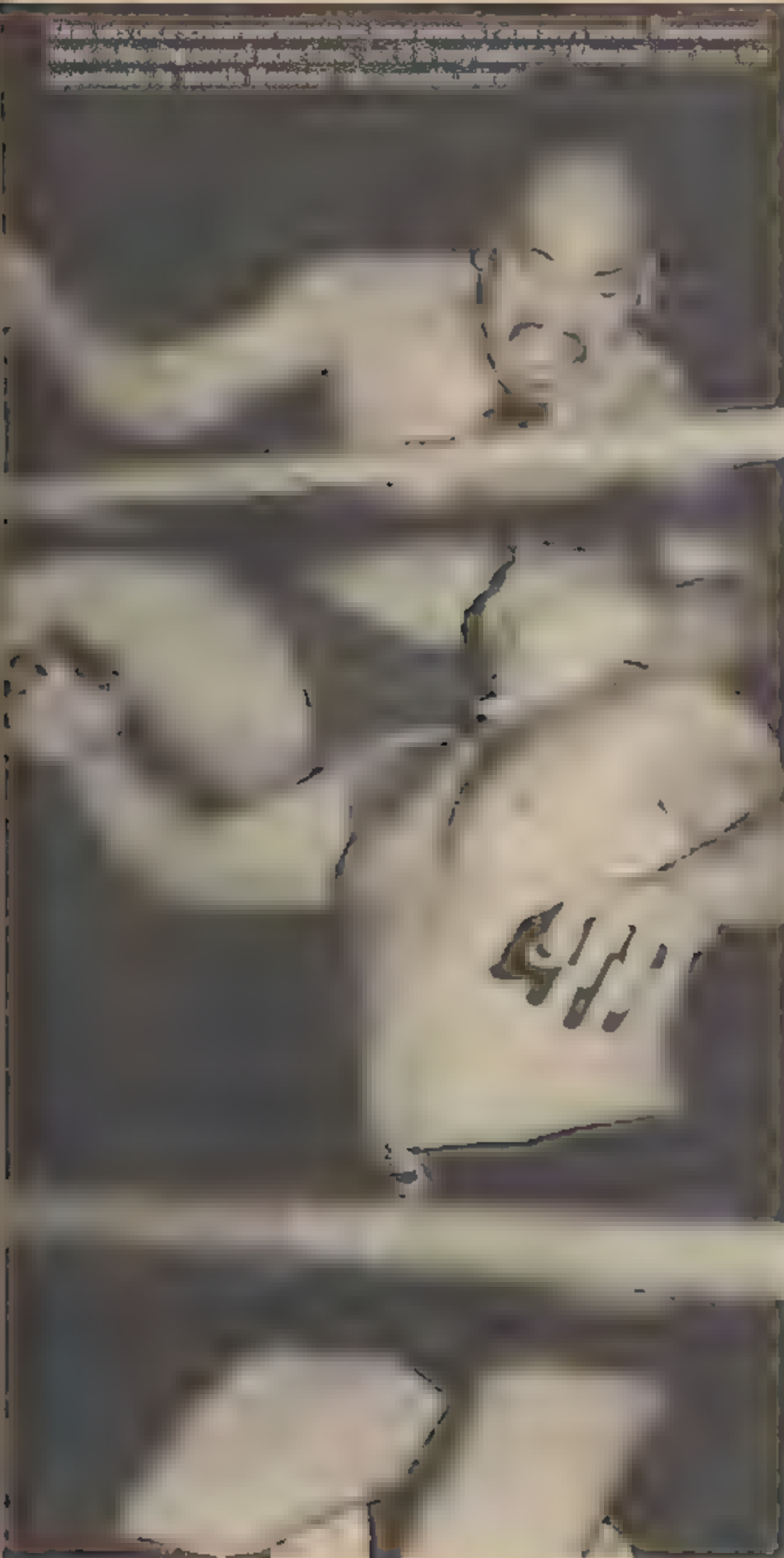


Fred Blassie feels Patterson and Monsoon stood by idly while Andre brutalized his man, Killer Khan, and he has sent Khan out to gain revenge. The Killer kneels Patterson to the midsection (above left) and rips at his hair (above).

First of all, I'm getting fed up with promoters loading the scales in their favor. By this, I mean that Andre's people come in, set up the match with Khan, and then turn around and bring in biased referees: Patterson

and Monsoon. This business of special referees has got to go. Every time a special referee comes into the ring, somebody gets shafted. This has to stop.

Another thing I want to talk about here is revenge. I am



normally not a vengeful man. I believe that each man deserves what's coming to him, and revenge is just a way of going overboard. Well, Andre said he wanted revenge on Khan. If this is his idea of what revenge is, I'll teach him a thing or two.

In the code of the West, revenge was something that took place face to face, man to man. You do not exact a price while another has his back turned. That invites a different type of revenge, and I'll show what that different type is to Andre—and to the world.

Khan will destroy not only Andre, who is more deserving of it than anyone else I know of, but also Patterson and Monsoon. Let the fact that Patterson and Monsoon will be crippled sit on the head of Andre. See how Andre the Geek feels about the guilt that goes with that. You want to know whether Andre is a responsible man? Well, wait and see. Andre is going to be responsible for what will eventually happen to those two ridiculous people who claimed to be referees that night.

There is no escape, I warn all of you now. Andre's leg was broken once by Khan, and it could happen again at any time.

Patterson has already tasted the wrath of Khan in the ring, and that's only a warm up for what is to come in the near future.

Monsoon has yet to know the brutality that Khan can dish out, but he will learn soon enough. Too soon, as far as he's concerned.

You wanted revenge, Andre, you've got it. . . in spades. Let the broken bones and shattered limbs of Monsoon and Patterson rest on your conscience. Then, try to escape Khan. You won't. An act like that with the stretcher will not go unpunished, you can take that to the bank, Andre the Geek. Don't forget it. □

Mike Graham vs. Tully Blanchard:

THE M CHALL



During the match, Graham and Blanchard are unaware of the large sum of money being wagered on this match. Blanchard holds the advantage with a rear chinlock.

MILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGE MATCH

By Steve
Farhood

I GOT A call from my man on the grapevine, Backdoor Huey, world famous wrestling handicapper. Seems he's been making his way through the Southern states lately and discovered a veritable gold mine of activity centered around the Miami area. A lot of big Florida money going up against the big boys from Texas. A lot of pride riding on the line as well.

Mike Graham is part of a family that has been ruling the squared circle for over two decades. Dr. Jerry Graham, "Crazy" Luke Graham, and Eddie Graham have all carved their names into the sturdy history of wrestling. Superstar Billy Graham has done pretty well for himself, too. Now Eddie Graham's son finds himself the representative of his native Florida in a big money match against a big man from Texas.

Tully Blanchard is another chip off the wrestling block. Tully's father is Joltin' Joe Blanchard, three-time Texas heavyweight



With Blanchard helplessly hung upside down on the turnbuckles, Graham stomps relentlessly at his midsection

champion. An athlete all of his life, Tully is a favorite son of the Lone Star state. A lot of oil money found itself riding on his broad shoulders.

When these two titans clashed, it was more than just another wrestling match. The very reason for the contest occurring had to do with two things: pride and money, and nobody was really sure which one was more important.

(Continued on page 56)

A million dollars in cold cash. An immeasurable amount of pride. The honor or shame of two states and their leading businessmen rode on the line of this unusual challenge match. Each man knew what he was wrestling for, and the two warriors faced off against each other as if their lives depended on it . . . and indeed, they might have

PHOTOS BY BILL OTTEN

Dusty Rhodes vs. Mark Lewin

PERHAPS IT IS best to gaze at the "American Professional Wrestling Handbook" to fully understand the definition and meaning of a Texas Bull Rope Match. The handbook describes a bull rope match as, "A particularly animalistic type of match in which two wrestlers are united by a thick rope tied to their wrists. The rope is to be no longer than 15 feet in length. A metal cowbell is attached to the rope at the middle. Victory is achieved by dragging the

PHOTOS BY ROGER CALDWELL

THE BLOODY TERROR OF A

TEXAS BULL ROPE

opponent across the ring in a most uncivilized fashion, and touching the four ring posts with a part of his body."

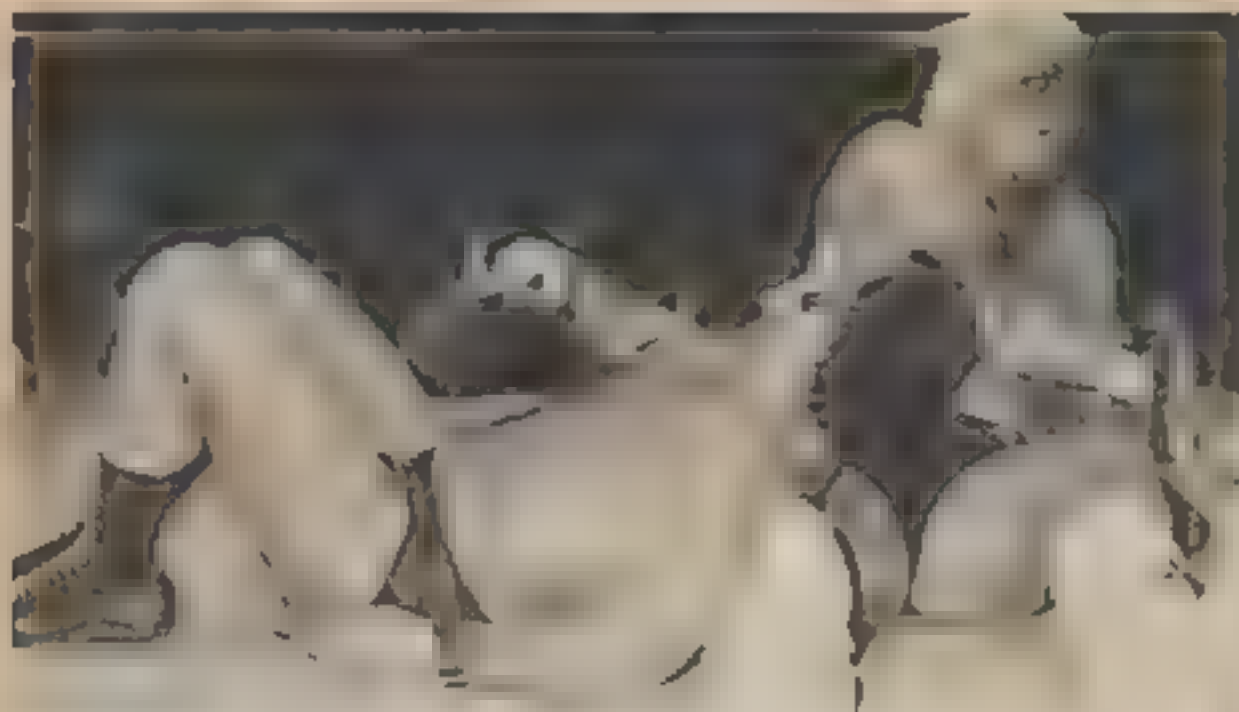
Note the use of the word "uncivilized." A bull rope match best suits the wrestlers who show little restraint and caution in the squared circle. Such a professional grappler is Dusty Rhodes.

"The American Dream" is many things to many people. But one unanimous opinion is that he is the master of the Texas bull rope match. Yes, blood is often shed. Yes, Rhodes often



Certain facts in life are universally accepted. You don't spit in the wind. You don't insult your grandmother. And you don't challenge Dusty Rhodes to a Texas Bull Rope Match. Mark Lewin never listens to reason. As a result, Lewin and Rhodes engaged in a frightful encounter Texas fans will never forget.

emerges victorious, looking more like the loser of a street fight than the winner of a wrestling match. Yes, Rhodes fears the bull rope match and only signs to participate in one



The American Dream is winding up as he aims the cowbell at the head of Mark Lewin (left). Dusty cannot see through the blood covering his face as he and Lewin are on the canvas (above). Rhodes removes the bull rope from his body after the match (right). He is bloody and tired, but such a condition is expected after a grueling Texas bull rope match. Dusty is a master of such an encounter.

when conventional matches do not settle a heated feud or rivalry. But any wrestler will tell you the same thing: Buy life insurance before getting involved in a bull rope match with Dusty Rhodes.

Mark Lewin did not heed the advice. Lewin, a veteran who would not back down from a challenge with a bulldozer, has always been noted for courage and ambition. Henceforth, he

will not be noted for his intelligence or match selection.

"Tell Dusty Rhodes that I'm more of a man than anyone else in wrestling," Lewin warned prior to the showdown. "No bull rope match is going to make me shake in my pants. Rhodes knows that when it comes to the meaning of macho, I leave him at the starting gate. I've never been scared in my life. The pressure is

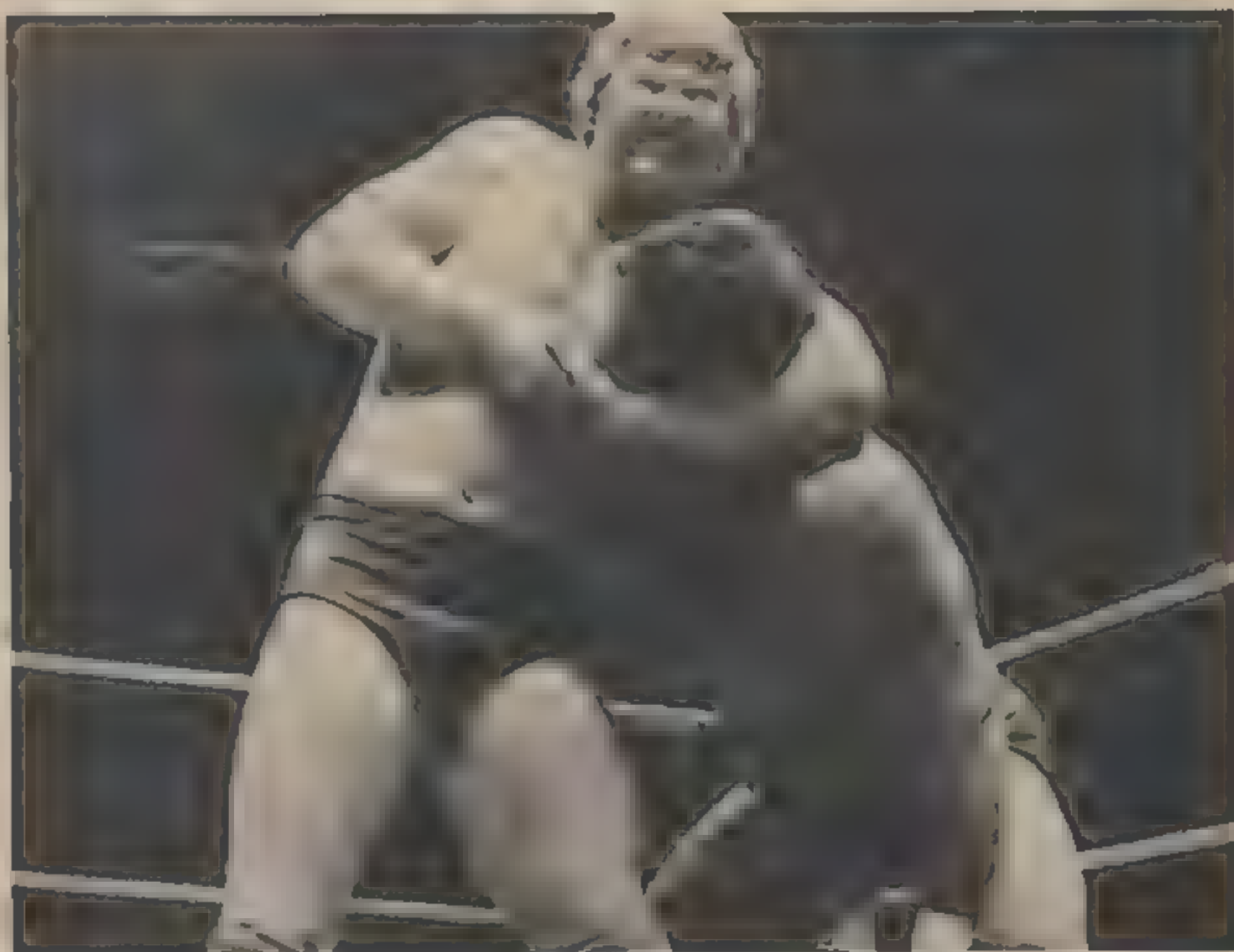
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PE MATCH



Rhodes tries to drag a weary Lewin back in the ring as if he were a sore, tired Texas bull (left). Both battlers are bloody (above) as Dusty takes a slight advantage in the corner.

Bob Backlund vs. **THE TWO MINUTES** **THE WIZARD'S**



Backlund applies a headlock on Muraco, bringing his taller opponent down to a manageable position. Muraco was the first man in Backlund's three-year reign to force him to the one-hour distance.

A FULL SQUAD of 22,000 people were on hand in Madison Square Garden to witness the fateful clashing of two of wrestling's most determined athletes.

Bob Backlund: champion. The target for every title-hungry wrestler in the WWF, Backlund's title reign continues to thrive. Against dozens upon

dozens of challengers, Backlund has proven time and again that superiority within the squared circle is more than a matter of simply having superiority in strength; it's a matter of skill, experience, and technique as well.

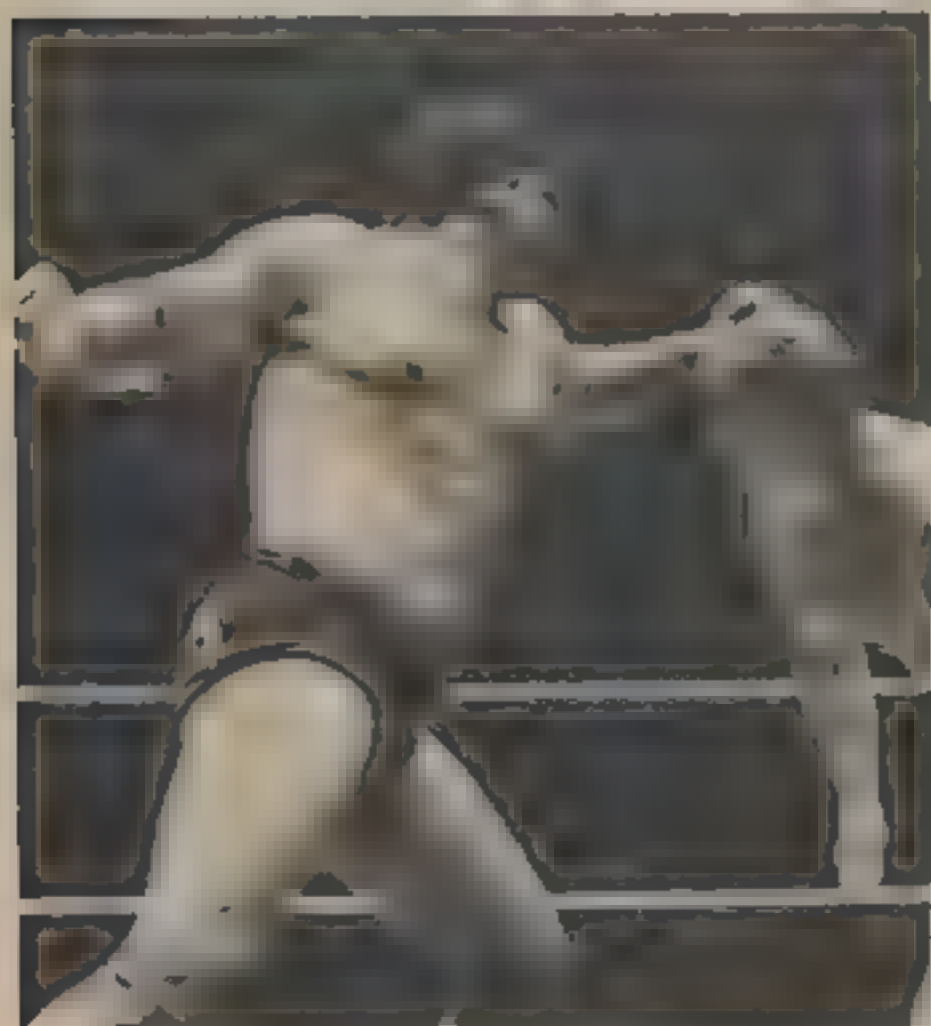
Don "Magnificent" Muraco, challenger. Along with his manager The Grand Wizard,

Muraco has been the focal point in a meticulously engineered five-year plan designed to capture the WWF championship. Most, if not all of the 22,000 fans assembled at the Garden have come to witness whether tonight is the ultimate culmination of that plan.

The excited anticipation, which had reached a fever pitch,

Magnificent Muraco: THAT FOILED FIVE-YEAR PLAN

It was the challenge match that Magnificent Muraco had waited for, the culmination of a five-year plan painstakingly outlined by the Grand Wizard. The goal, finally within reach, was Bob Backlund's championship belt. A mere two minutes, however, altered the plan, and changed the course of wrestling history



Muraco staggers Backlund with a looping right to the face (above left) and then slams the champ on to the canvas (above right). There were countless advantage changes in this classic match.

was quickly replaced by deafening cheers as Backlund made his way into the ring. Waving to the crowd as he stepped through the ropes, Backlund removed his jacket and awaited the arrival of the challenger.

When Muraco did arrive, the air was filled with a combination of both cheers and boos.

Clearly there was no unanimous opinion about Magnificent Muraco. Fans of his wore Hawaiian shirts and sunglasses, jumping to their feet in support of their hero, while non-enthusiasts of Muraco screamed "Beach bum!!!" in the attempt to drown out any pro-Muraco cries.

The ring announcer declared

the terms of the match: one-hour time-limit match for the WWF championship. The battle began.

Magnificent Muraco glanced up at the Garden clock, glared directly into Backlund's face, and smiled menacingly. The meaning of his action was clear to the fans as well as to the

Continued on page 46.

SOME TAG TEAM combinations seem fated to be right from the start. Certainly no other man... or beast... would want to team with one of The Moondogs Tony Garea and Rick Martel are as natural a pair of wrestlers as you are bound to discover anywhere on this earth, as are Mr. Fuji and Mr. Saito.

There are other times, however, when a matching of wrestlers takes somewhat more work. One would never believe that Andre the Giant and Michael Hayes could make a go of it, but there they are tearing up the ring anyhow.

Chavo Guerrero's Strange Search:

Then there is the case of Chavo Guerrero.

"I must have a tag team partner," declares Guerrero, "and he must be worthy of the challenge which we will face together. He must be as good as I am in many ways, and perhaps even better in some. He must be willing to train to the limit, and to devote all his spare time to perfecting team maneuvers.

"There is only one way to discover a partner such as I require," Guerrero continued, "and that is to wrestle as many opponents as I can, as many prospective partners as I may discover. If an opponent can defeat me, then he is my prime candidate.



Guerrero is going all out for victory, but he really doesn't want to win. Once he finds the man that can beat him within the framework of the rules, he will know he has the perfect tag team partner.

A man with a mission: Chavo Guerrero's quest for the perfect tag team partner. Anyone willing to team will not do. First he must emerge victorious in a contest against Guerrero, and only then will he be considered for the other half of a potentially championsho team

for a partner. Defeat me and join me, that is my declaration!"

Guerrero's unusual quest took him halfway around the world in search of the perfect tag team partner. In Japan, Chavo met Dos Caros, the brother of Mi Mascaras, in a match which nearly brought Guerrero to the end of his search.

"I hope that Dos Caros is the man that I am looking for," Guerrero said prior to his match. "I have seen him wrestle and I like his style in many ways. I am just not sure how we will work together, and this is what I must find out by wrestling him as an opponent. I must discover whether or not he is compatible to the style I am searching for."

After an initial handshake in the center of the ring, Guerrero and Caros began their battle.

In a match that could only be described as being extremely scientific, both Caros and Guerrero displayed admirable skills and abilities.

Squaring off in the center of the ring, stalking each other like wolves preparing for the strike, both men seemed tentative. Caros made the first move, engaging Guerrero in an armlock that had him wincing from the intense pressure.

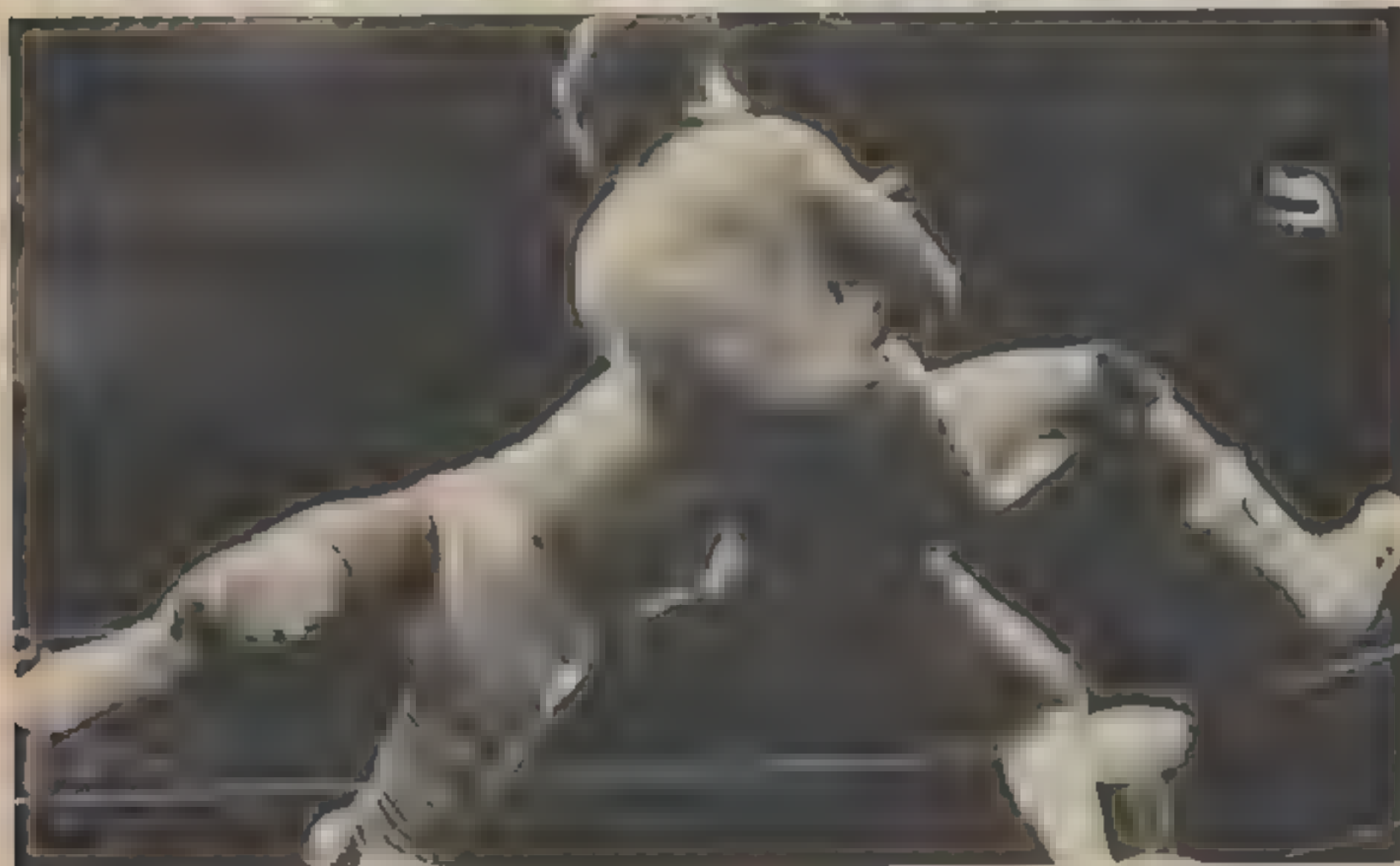
Guerrero quickly gained the upper hand, however, flipping Dos Caros into the air and over his head causing the masked man to slam to the mat on his back. Guerrero

attempted a bodyscissors, but Dos Caros sprung out of the way with panther-like speed and grace.

Impressed by the agility and cunning of his opponent, Guerrero decided to take a different type of offensive. For a time, he limited his attack to limb maneuvers: a wristlock, a Japanese armlock, a step-over toehold. With masterful precision, Dos Caros was able to elude each of these holds and, at times, recovered so much as to gain the advantage in a match which for the most part remained too close to call.

More than once, Caros tried an aerial attack. Chavo was aware of the wily Mexican's gymnastic abilities and was able to prepare himself somewhat for the expected

**"TO JOIN ME, YOU
MUST DEFEAT ME!"**



Dos Caros scores some points in his favor as he brings Guerrero off his feet with a flying cross-body block. The two battled splendidly against each other, but how would they fare as a team?



onsaught. A flying smash to the body, however, sent Guerrero reeling and ultimately down to the mat.

So the match continued, a masterpiece of scientific exhibition. At one moment Chavo Guerrero in charge, practically

pinning Dos Caros' shoulders to the floor. The next moment, Caros is up and in command, while Chavo appears to be in severe trouble.

Finally, the bell sounded ending the match. The two grapplers had wrestled to a draw, exhausting the allotted time limit period. Again,

The match pitted skill against skill, speed against speed, and stamina against stamina. Guerrero sidesteps a flying Caros (above). The two Mexican stars eye each other respectfully (left). Chavo has not yet decided if he would like to take Caros on as a partner.

they both walked to the center of the ring and shook hands. A mutual respect and admiration was born that evening in Tokyo. But Dos Caros did not actually defeat Chavo Guerrero. Does this mean that Guerrero's search for a partner is still incomplete?

"Not necessarily," explained Guerrero after the match. "I have to think about that for some time. Dos Caros was a superb opponent, a true athlete and wrestler in every sense of the word. Even though he did not defeat me, he did wrestle to a draw, and wrestle admirably. So far, he is the closest I have come to finding a worthy partner for a tag team. As I said, though, I will have to think about it some more."

Guerrero did confide, though, that if he did get together with Dos Caros, he was sure that they could give any rulebreaker tag team a very tough match. □



ANDRE THE GIANT:

No one knows better the pitfalls of wrestling than Andre the Giant. His recent explosions of anger against Killer Khan have brought his new-found aggressiveness to the attention of everyone...including Michael Hayes, who now wrestles as a tag team partner with Andre.

Andre the Giant and Michael Hayes scout Terry Gordy and Jimmy Snuka before their championship confrontation. Even Andre's closest friends have questioned his choice of partners

FUTURE FREEBIRD OR HIRED HITMAN?

SILENTLY AMONG THEMSELVES, even Andre the Giant's few wrestlers are beginning to ask the same questions as his fans: what is Andre up to?

"Sometimes it seems pretty clear," explained one friend of Andre who chose to remain nameless, "and other times I just can't figure him out. The way Andre and Michael Hayes are getting along you would think that they're going to become a permanent tag team. Maybe Hayes is looking to rebuild The Freebirds, and he wants to start with Andre. Or maybe deep down they just trust each other."

"On the other hand there are times I get the feeling that

Andre is being duped," confided Andre's friend, "that he is being used by Hayes. You look at the kinds of opponents Hayes has been going up against, you'll see that they're pretty tough wrestlers. Maybe Hayes is just keeping Andre on as a partner until some of this opposition is taken care of."

These two opposing views and opinions continue to clash in the minds of fans as well while they try and sort out the

Andre-Hayes relationship. Asking Hayes about their partnership doesn't really shed any light on the situation.

"Andre and I are getting along very well these days," says the man now known as The Lone Freebird, "and I think our working relationship will get stronger as the weeks and months go by. In the ring, as tag team partners, I find that our styles blend very well. There are times when we work in tandem

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Hayes and Snuka joust verbally during a televised non-title match the morning of the big showdown. Few people can out talk Hayes (above). The Giant fires a karate chop at Snuka's throat, sending the "Jungle Boy" to the canvas gasping for air (below).



like a well-oiled machine. That's important when you're going up against teams like Gordy and Snuka."

Hayes was talking about a tag team match in Atlanta against Terry Gordy and Jimmy Snuka. The Georgia tag team champions were tough, but they didn't know what kind of opposition they were going up against until the very morning of their scheduled match.

That morning, Gordy and Snuka were wrestling in a televised tag team match. They were also scheduled to wrestle that evening against Hayes and a mystery partner. They learned exactly who the secret weapon was to be.

"Come on, Andre, let's take a look at the opposition," said Hayes as he led his partner to ringside that morning. The psyche-out was in gear, and as far as Hayes was concerned it was working all the way.

Moving to ringside with Andre, Hayes began a verbal joust with Gordy and Snuka, claiming that this would be their last match before facing ultimate defeat in the evening.



Andre innocently turns to the referee and asks what he is doing wrong (above left) Snuka tumbles more than seven feet to the canvas as Andre executes a suplex (above right) Though Snuka and Gordy retained their Georgia tag team belts, Andre and Hayes certainly got their message across.

only hours later. Attempting to concentrate on the match in progress, Gordy and Snuka were visibly annoyed, and were all too glad to comply with the challenge. They saved their anger, however, for the evening contest.

The Atlanta fans were ready. Gordy and Snuka were ready. Most of all, Hayes and Andre were ready, and they showed it.

From the start, Andre wrestled with all the ferocious anger he had exhibited against Killer Khan during his revenge match. Hayes as well rose to the occasion, contributing some agonizingly excruciating headlocks and armtwists to the team offense.

It was Andre, though, who

stole the show. His continued enthusiasm for berserk activity within the cornerposts both thrilled and surprised the fans who were witness to the strange tag team combo. As Andre made short work of Snuka and Gordy, Hayes looked on in gleeful satisfaction, proud of his partner in destruction.

Fans in the ringside seats, though, were split as to the effectiveness and durability of the Andre-Hayes team.

"Good stuff," said one spectator. "I've never seen a tag team with as much strength and gusto. I think if they keep things together, they might even be able to go all the way and pick up the tag team championship belts."

"It'll never happen," said a fan sitting in the next row who heard those words of praise. "That snake Hayes will never change. If you ask me, he's just using Andre to wipe out these creeps like Snuka and Gordy. Pretty soon, though, you'll see Andre get wise. Then he'll make the punishment that Khan took look like a kiddie birthday party in comparison. Just wait."

In the meantime, though, Andre and Hayes seem to be on the best of terms, and they're doing exceptionally well as a tag team. If they really are working together and their partnership is sincere, we may be watching the next championship tag team at work. □

**The Reckless
Beauty vs. The Sultry
Schoolteacher**

THERE V



WAS SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE ABOUT THEIR WILDNESS



Left opposite page: Vanity's powerful, lush body is tensed with energy as she tortures her foe. Above left: Ornette uses all her strength to tear and pull at her victim. Above right: Ornette carpet burns Vanity's flesh.

THE WHOLE STORY is written plain in her eyes. They sparkle with a mad passion for adventure. The look doesn't invite company on the erratic journey. Wherever she goes, there is the sense it is dangerous to follow. As a philosopher once said, "The only way you know you've gone far enough is when you go too far."

Vanity, the name she took when her parents disowned her, has been going too far since adolescence. The favorite of unsavory companions, she traveled wherever her beauty and nerve could take

her. Often, companions left her, fearing for their well-being. As one remarked months afterwards, "I'm willing to take chances, but that woman takes risks!"

Like a moth drawn to a flame, or perhaps a vulture descending upon a carcass, Vanity arrived in Los Angeles. Using her beauty as an informal introduction, she worked her way into the society of people who find everything expendable. It was Vanity's kind of crowd.

Even there, however, people were cowed by her recklessness. She never seemed to stop, as if

some energy forced her on. She once told a companion, "Any nerve that doesn't tingle is dead. You gotta make them all tingle all the time. If you know where you are, you're nowhere! Cross the border and be alive. If you cross enough borders, everything can happen. I'm a lover of cataclysms, catastrophe, and corruption. Even disasters are fun to survive."

Those who knew her best agreed she was dangerously crazed. Yet, there was something seductive about her wildness. No matter what she might do, everyone

When two women lock in savage battle, their pasts become unimportant. The violent present is all that matters, for depending on just how far the battle goes, there might not be a future for one or both of the combatants.



wanted to be there to watch her. She could be infuriating, ridiculous, and risky. At the same time, she could be glorious. For those special moments, people were willing to endure the rest.

As her infamy spread, more and more people wanted to meet Vanity. She adapted to life in the fast lane as if she was always meant to enjoy it. She didn't sleep, ate what she could when it was available, and somehow thrived. That electric look of danger in her eyes glowed brighter.

Sooner or later, as if destiny meant for them to meet, Vanity was introduced to Ornette. In certain circles, Ornette is one of the most famous women in Los Angeles. One of the under heroines

The match is a whirlwind of savage action as the two beauties hurl each other across the carpet (above and below). Violence contorts the beauty of their lush figures.



of a certain publisher's social group, she is regarded with awe by all who know of her. To many, she is one of the great apartment wrestlers of the decade.

What people find most appealing about Ornette is that she doesn't look at all like the woman she is. A small, lithe woman, she appears to be the prettiest schoolteacher anyone has ever seen. There's a calm sweetness about her typical Midwestern face. Topped by a blonde Charlie's Angels hairdo, she looks deceptively gentle. Then, when she gets in a match, everything changes.

From the opening moments, her entire appearance changes. She appears to inflate with bloodlust. Her body moves with frightening

assurance, like a lioness knowing her prey is doomed. Watching Ornette is very exciting, but people wonder why they feel so upset afterwards. Some explain the feeling by sensing that Ornette wrestles with a raw killer instinct. She frightens those unable to withstand watching that savagery.

When the two women met at a party, it was 3 a.m. and Vanity had just come from illegal night hang gliding. Illumination provided by a powerful flashlight, she somehow managed to glide safely to the ground. Electric with accomplishment, she swept into the party. Ornette watched her random wanderings and the school-teacher's lips creased into a small smile. Ornette made sure the two women were introduced.

Vanity was delighted by her new acquaintance. "An apartment wrestler," she exclaimed. "Hot damn in the morning. I bet I could be the best apartment wrestler ever. I know I could. Tell me, what's it like to feel another woman totally under your control?"

"It's the best," Ornette said simply. "It's like owning the world. There's only you and her, and you are master. You can feel the tension of fear ripple through her body, actually feel her terror on your skin. Then, as she loses strength, you feel the surrender. There's no way to describe the surrender. You enjoy that sense of collapse so much that it's frightening. What's more, that feeling is the most addictive drug in the world. You'll go anywhere, do anything, strip yourself of any civilized notions just to feel another person surrender."

As Ornette knew it would, the description made Vanity shiver with anticipation. At that moment, both women knew what had to happen. Nothing was said. Nothing was needed to be said. Soon, for their anticipation was too great to wait, these two would have

(Continued on page 58)



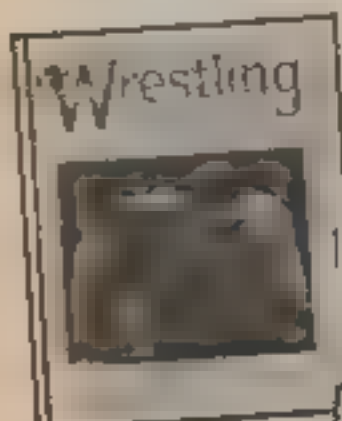
Ornette becomes a demon of fury as her powerful legs crush Vanity's head between her thighs. To add to her victim's torments, Ornette's fingers claw and tear at the blonde beauty's scalp.

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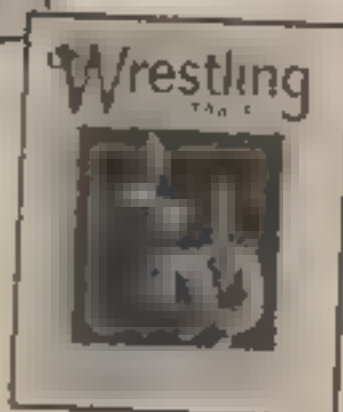
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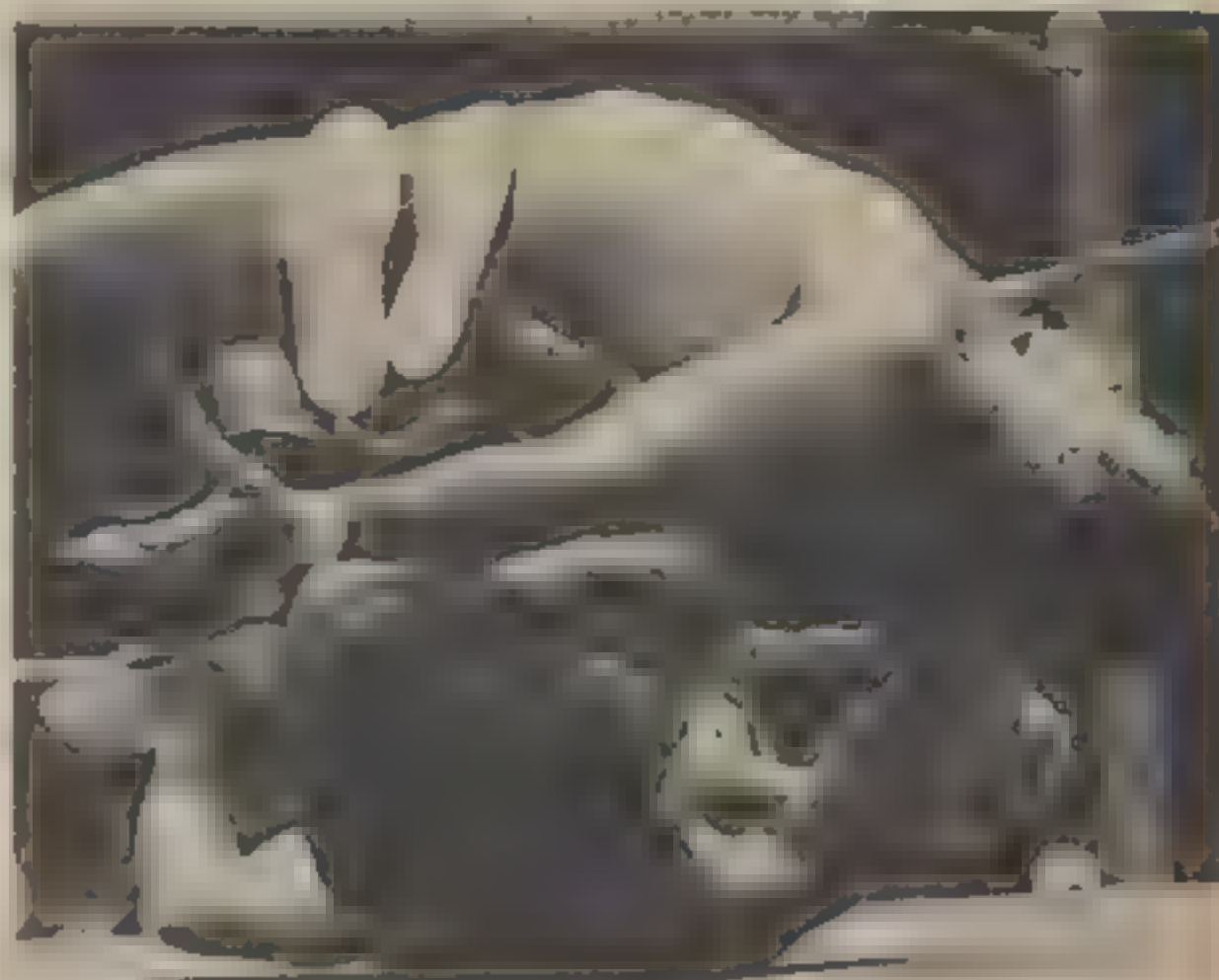
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Backlund • Muraco

(Continued from Page 35)



Backlund, whose resourcefulness in the
ring is unmatched, captures Muraco in an
excruciating aerial bodystretch. After a
slow start, in which both wrestlers
displayed cautious respect, the action
reached an unbelievable plateau. An
hour's worth of wrestling, that seemed to
pass in minutes for the fans, was an
eternity for the participants.

champion Muraco was ready to
take the belt.

During the opening minutes of
the hour, Muraco tried to lure
Backlund into the corner areas
of the ring, but Bob would have
no part of it, instead motioning
repeatedly for Magnificent to
come to the center of the ring
and meet on equal terms.
Muraco did so, but soon he was
again retreating to the posts.
The fans became as annoyed at
this ploy as Backlund, and soon
began to vocalize their
disappointment. Action was
called for.

The champion seized the
initiative, engaging Muraco in a
painful arm hook from which
there was visible difficulty in
escaping. A cat and mouse

confrontation emerged with
neither wrestler gaining a clear
advantage, although Backlund
appeared to be in serious trouble
more than once. At one point in
the match, both men were on
their knees in the center of the
ring, pummeling each other with
their clenched fists.

Then, the unusual happened:
the bell rang signaling the end of
the hour. For the first time in
years, a WWF championship
match had gone the full hour
time limit and been declared a
draw. Muraco was furious.

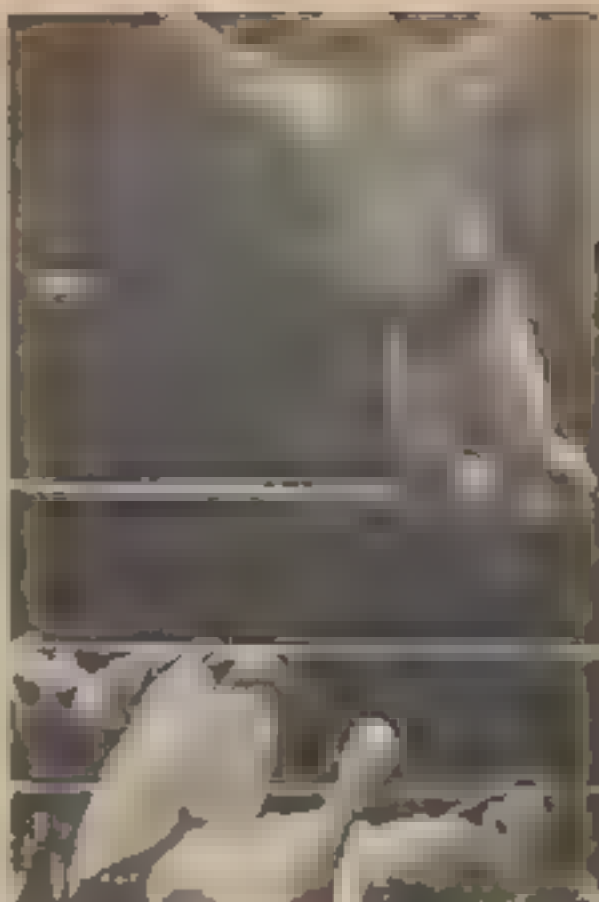
The fans cheered Backlund in
what they determined had been
a successful title defense.
Muraco, on the other hand, felt
otherwise. In the locker room
area following the match, he
made his opinions very clear to
anyone who happened to be
within shouting distance of
the challenger.

"That was never an hour,"
complained Muraco. "I glanced
up at the Garden clock at the
beginning of the match. It said
9:28 p.m. When the bell

sounded, the clock read 10:26. I know, because I had the entire match planned to the second. The last two minutes were the most vital.

"What any fool could see was that I was gaining an advantage during the final minutes of the match," continued Muraco, his eyes burning with a fiery hatred and disgust for the events of the evening. "It was obvious that Backlund was getting himself into trouble, I know the fans could tell because of the way they were reacting. It was a simple thing to see. My Asiatic spike was taking its toll on that chump.

So when I finally had Backlund where I wanted him, almost completely destroyed from the spike and ready for the



Backlund protects himself from a diving Muraco with his knees. The Magnificent one barely recovered after having the wind knocked out of him.

final kill," remembers Muraco, "the bell sounds ending the match. It sounds *two minutes early*. If you ask me, something sounds very suspicious about that. I smell a payoff."

Just then, Fred Abbatiello, official Garden timekeeper, walked up to Muraco and calmly noted that Muraco was watching the scoreboard clock, and not the official timekeeper's clock. "In professional wrestling," said Abbatiello, "it's the *official* clock that matters, not a wall clock or a wristwatch. By the official clock, exactly 60 minutes had passed."

Muraco glared at Abbatiello and stormed away grumbling something barely audible. The only words discernible were "next time" and "Backlund." □

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THE AFTER

(Continued from Page 8)

Best of Texas Wrestling," a show also beamed into Florida. Sunshine State fans were shocked at Blanchard's tactics and demanded a bout between Tully and Mike to be signed in Tampa.

It may have been a mistake. Blanchard and Graham have met in a series of vicious bouts over the past few weeks. Neither man can claim dominance over the other. The only people enriched by this horrible spectacle are the doctors, who have been working overtime mending the wounds of the two warriors.

Perhaps we'd all be better off if there were no television. Certainly, Mike Garham and Tully Blanchard would be a lot healthier.

—Barry Simon

ST. LOUIS, MO—There is something thrilling about watching two old pros at work. Especially when they are as talented as Billy Robinson and Pat O'Connor.

O'Connor and Robinson electrified the Kiel Auditorium with a blazing display of scientific wrestling. The two battled each other evenly, trading hold for hold, counter for counter.



BILLY ROBINSON

"It was quite a pleasure wrestling Pat," Robinson said after the bout. "There's nothing like a good, clean scientific match. It's super knowing you can use all your skills and not have your attention averted by fear of being maimed with a foreign object."

O'Connor had similar feelings. "I really enjoy a hard-nosed scientific match," he said. "I tell you, we were flying out there. And I don't think there's a fan who saw this bout who would ever say scientific wrestling is boring."

After the match, O'Connor and Robinson met in the latter's dressing room. According to informed sources, they discussed the possibility of forming a tag team.

—Buddy Ford

PITTSBURGH, PA—Bruno Sammartino looked a little out of place sitting in the open limousine. He was obviously uncomfortable, squirming about in the seat. "Doggone it," he said, "this tie is choking me. It's worse than wrestling George Steele."

Alongside him was his oldest son, Bruno Sammartino Jr. "C'mon Dad," said the younger Sammartino, "enjoy it. This is your day, you know."

Indeed it was. Bruno Sammartino Day in Pittsburgh. The retiring former two-time WWF champion was about to receive a parade down the city's main thoroughfare, followed by a ceremony near city hall. It's not every day when a thankful city can honor a man who is a living legend.

As the parade progressed,

one could see tears of gratitude staining Sammartino's face. "These people are great," he said "Here they are thanking me when I'm the one who should be thanking them."

As one fan crowding the parade route said, "There will never be another like him."

—Paul Dreiser

DES MOINES, IA—They couldn't have chosen a more difficult opponent for Ric Flair's first title defense. Harley Race, six-time NWA champion, was hoping to make it seven on this night. All Ric Flair wanted was to make successful title defense number one

"He's a lucky kid," Race said before the match. "He got Rhodes after I had already softened him up. Tonight, though, the kid's luck runs out."

Surprisingly, Flair refused to allow reporters to interview him before the match. Some observers felt this meant the new NWA king was running scared just one night after winning the belt

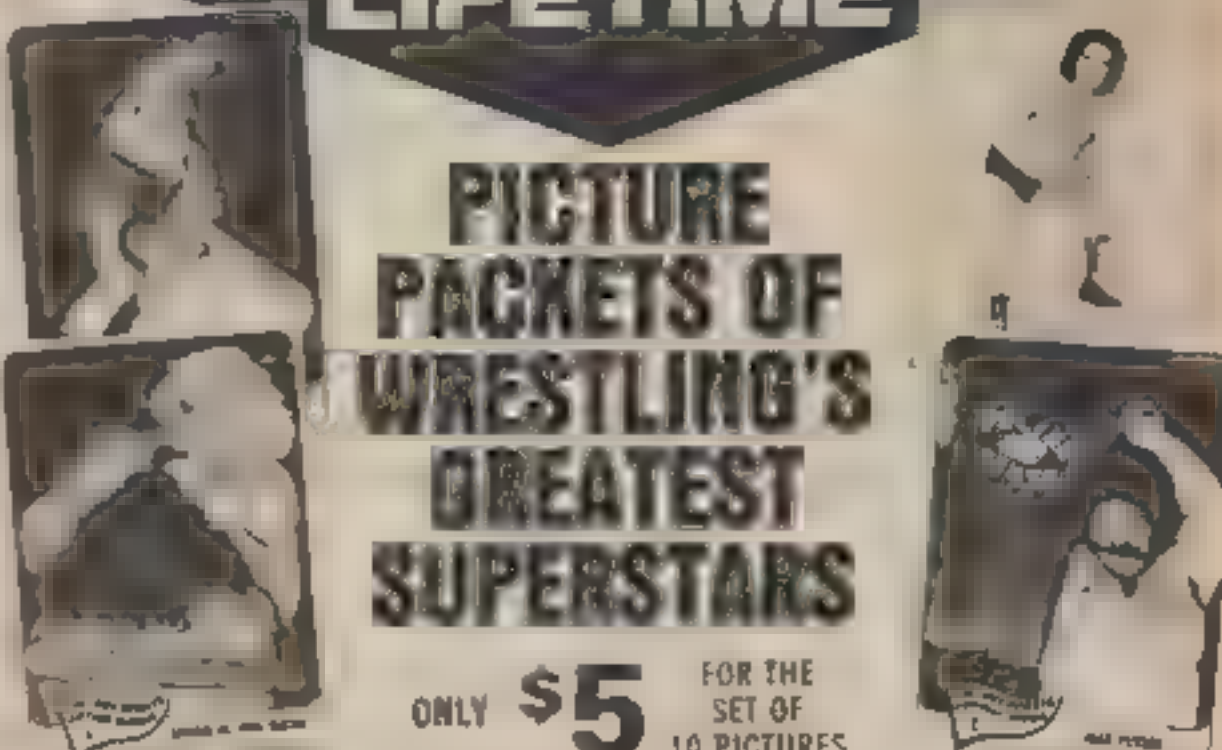
Flair's conduct during the match showed courage and ability, not fear. He matched Race move for move, using a vast repertoire of both legal and questionable tactics. When the bout had ended, Flair was still the champion

"The kid's tough," Race admitted afterwards. "But he's not tougher than I am. He'll fall just like they all fell"

Flair had a differing view "Old Man Race felt the full force of Flair power tonight," Flair said. "My first title defense was the only one that worried me. Now that it's behind me, I know I will hold onto the title for a long, long time."

—Ed Remington □

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The Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 18,

Quentin Matthewson, Richmond, VA: "When you have fine wrestlers like Andre the Giant winding up in the hospital with a broken leg . . . when you have Jay Youngblood suffering from a broken leg . . . when you have windpipes all across the WWF being crippled by Muraco's damn spike . . . when you have what's supposed to be a 'sport' suffering from all these symptoms, then it is a sport no more, and you'd better believe that there is far too much violence, and not enough being done about it."



Above: Killer Khan stands with manager Fred Blassie. Khan put Andre in the hospital with a broken leg. Below: Stan Hansen's lariat is a proven crippler. Should it be outlawed?

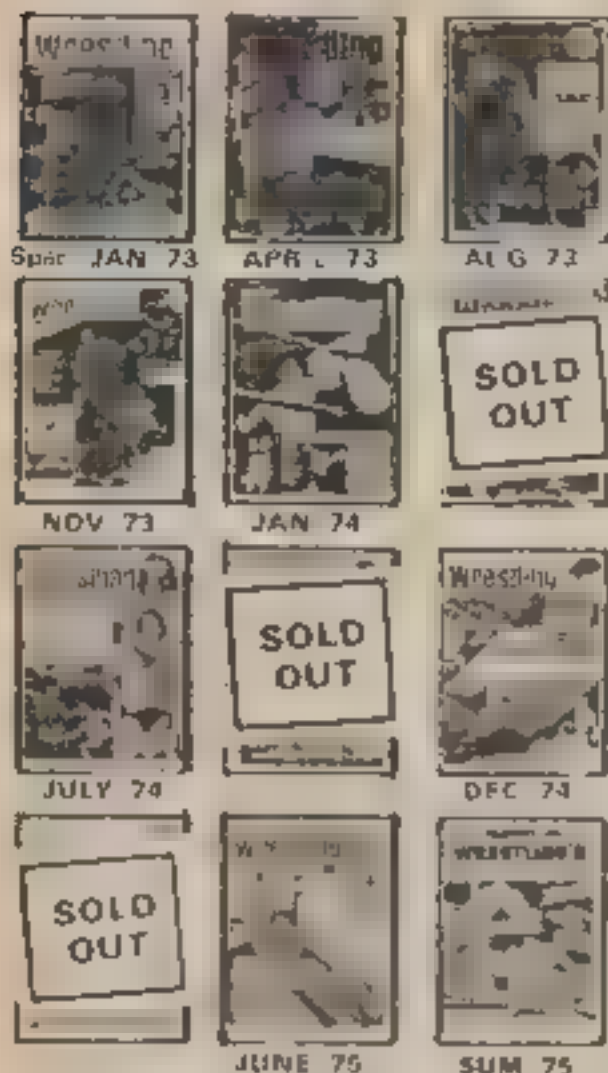


Tony Brighton, Los Angeles, CA "Aw, what do these pansies think they're doing? They think wrestling shouldn't be violent? Okay, so let them all go take up crochet or badminton. Wrestling is a physical sport, it's a contact sport, it's often tougher than football . . . it's like people complaining about violence

in football! Why don't we just put flags on the players' waists and play touch and flag football? It's the same with wrestling. You don't have body contact, you might as well watch two grown men play tag. Bah! People who complain about too much violence just have weak stomachs."

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Mike Graham—Tully Blanchard

(Continued from Page 31)

A number of prominent Texas businessmen watched as Mike Graham, in an uncharacteristic trade, insulted their state while being interviewed in Florida.

"I beat this zero, and I'll beat anybody they throw up against me," Graham cried. "It doesn't matter if the poor sucker is from sleazy Louisy or the Loon Star State. In fact, they say anything is bigger in Texas? Well, they're right: they've got bigger idiots wrestling for them over there!"

Well, I don't have to tell you what was running through the minds of the Texas boys. Before you could holler "Hot damn, we struck oil!" they were on the phone to Florida to set up a challenge match that would keep them talking down here for years to come.

The meeting was quickly set. Graham would face off against Tully Blanchard, a Texas powerhouse. Immediately, thousands of dollars from dozens of businessmen began to fall into the books. Backdoor Huey estimated

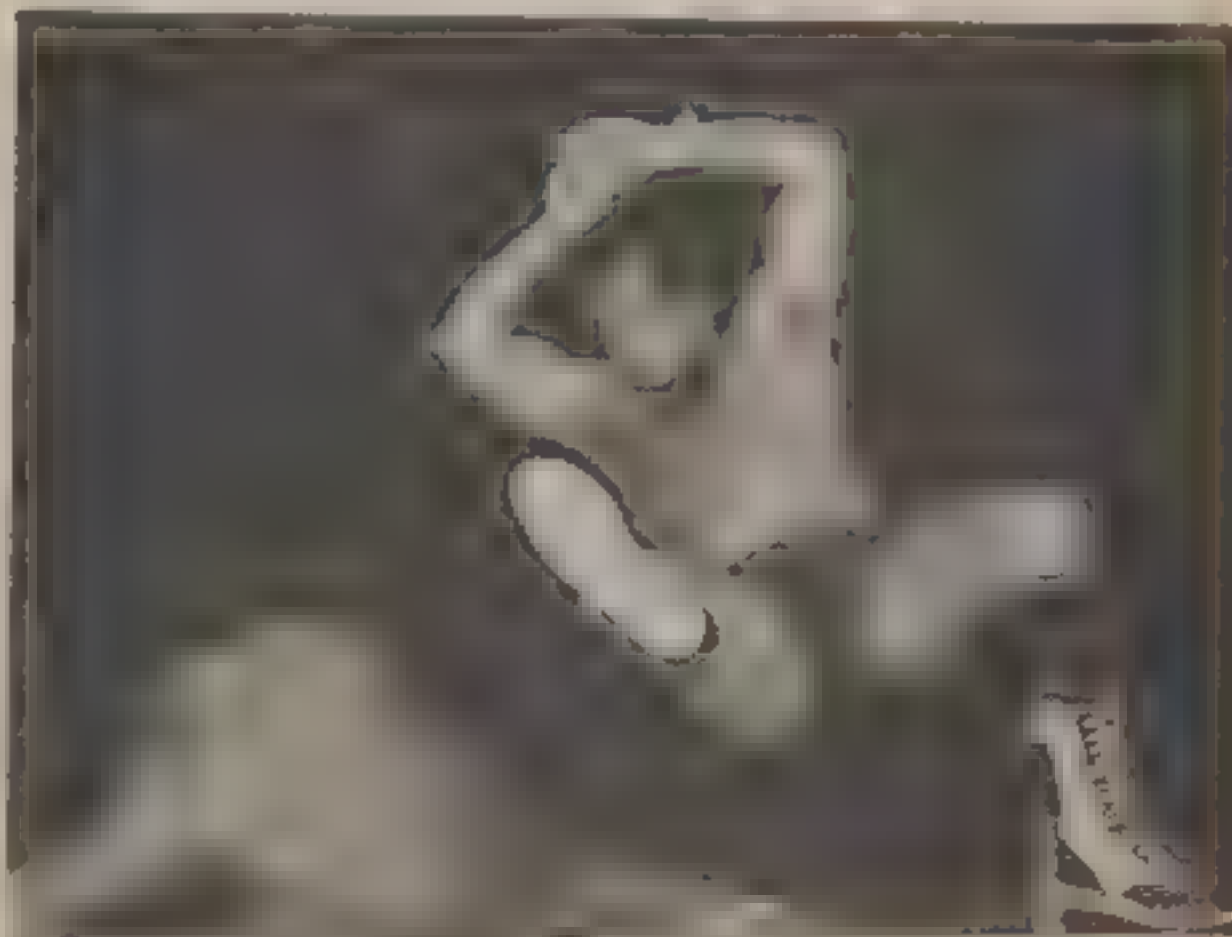
the total wagering at nearly a million . . . or possibly a few thousand more.

Graham and Blanchard knew what was riding on their match. It was honor as much as money, perhaps even more so. Each grappler treated the match as if it were his last. For all they knew, with the amount of hatred between the two, it might well have been.

Blanchard came out of his corner with a snarl on his face and put a quick headlock on Graham. He was wasting no time at all in getting down to business.

Graham escaped from the hold and quickly applied a painful armbar followed by an excruciatingly agonizing abdominal stretch. Wincing from the pain, Blanchard struggled to free himself and gain an advantage once more.

When he did so, Blanchard prepared to finish Graham with a flying dropkick. Graham was too quick for him, however, and dodged out of the way, causing Blanchard to crash to the mat. Blanchard rose from the mat,



Graham evades Blanchard's flying elbow drop at the last second midway through this memorable see-saw battle.

physically all right, but mentally berserk. apparently he was ready for the kill.

Lunging after Graham with all the force and strength he could call forth, Blanchard instituted a do or die campaign against his arch rival. Crashing into Graham, the two grapplers flew through the ropes and out of the ring, continuing their struggle on the floor near the ringside seats.



Blanchard holds Graham's face in place and jabs his knuckles into the Floridian's face. Doubtlessly the two will meet again.

As businessmen in three-piece suits screamed for their respective men, the referee began the count. Oblivious to all but their single-minded hatred for each other, Blanchard and Graham continued to grapple with ferocious brutality.

"Seven eight nine," the voice of the referee was clear to all, but the two men squirming on the floor, each trying to defeat the other. Then, the inevitable: the double count-out. The wrestlers were broken apart and gazed at each other with disgust, both men wishing that they had more time to complete the job they had begun.

Backdoor Huey says he doesn't really know what happened to the cash that went down, though he suspects it's being held by a neutral party for the inevitable rematch. As it stands now, the matter is far from settled, and few of the businessmen involved are willing to leave it that way. ☐

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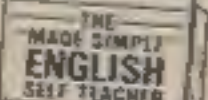
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RECKLESS BEAUTY VS. THE SCHOOLTEACHER

(Continued from Page 45)

to meet in an apartment wrestling match.

As might be expected, there was no trouble setting up the match. Five wealthy businessmen volunteered their mansions as the site for this confrontation. From the time the women were introduced to the night of the match, less than two weeks elapsed.

The mansion finally chosen belonged to an oil man who left Houston to indulge himself in Los Angeles. Everything was set for an incredible evening's entertainment. Champagne and brandy were readily available from a rolling bar. By 10 p.m., the spectators were relaxing in comfortable chairs, their anticipation sharp and clean.

Vanity was ready in her own way. For a day, she tried to train with a professional wrestler. He told her not to bother learning anything; she was unteachable, anyway. Her only hope was that her energy and fury would overcome Ornette's expertise. Hearing that, Vanity was happy. Her energy and fury never let her down yet.

When the blonde beauty walked into the large room, resplendent in her purple bikini, she saw Ornette standing in the opposite corner. Dressed in a brown bikini, the warrior looked like a different woman. The gentle appearance was gone. She seemed taller, stronger, crueller. The sight delighted Vanity.

The match was on. As might be expected, Vanity rushed at her opponent. As also might be expected, Ornette easily sidestepped the rush. Surprisingly, Vanity whirled around, almost defying gravity, and grabbed Ornette around the head. Still whirling, she twisted the stunned blonde to the ground.

In a single motion, Vanity

grabbed Ornette's hair and yanked as hard as she could. The blonde victim's face contorted in agony. Vanity, her entire body swinging in reckless motion, drove her knee hard into Ornette's body. The maneuver sent both women tumbling to the carpet.

Ornette knew she had turned the match around immediately. Before Vanity could think, Ornette's legs were wrapped around her victim's head. The lithe blonde's hold was powerfully crushing. Vanity's lush body squirmed and jerked with agony, mindlessly trying to escape the torture.



Ornette's arms and legs become savage weapons as they mercilessly twist Vanity's body, enjoying her pain.

All of a sudden, Ornette's legs flew open as if they were on springs. A huge red welt appeared on the inside of her left thigh. Inside the welt were white teethmarks. The freed Vanity scurried to a corner. There was a demented look of satisfaction on her face. She laughed uproariously and then evilly licked her lips.

Ornette's body grew rigid with rage. You could almost see her

(Continued on page 62)

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RECKLESS BEAUTY VS. THE SCHOOLTEACHER

(Continued from Page 58)



Vanity uses her entire body to ensnare Ornette in a brutalizing hold. In rage and desperation, Ornette grabs and twists anywhere she can. Her expression reveals the bloodlust is upon her.

mind working, figuring out how most to torture her foe before the ultimate surrender. Slowly, with ferocious purpose, she stalked closer to Vanity.

Vanity stood still, watching the approach with an amused gaze. Ornette got closer, cautious but determined to control the outcome. When the women were about six feet apart, Vanity shouted maniacally, hopped closer to her foe, and then kicked Ornette hard in the belly.

Ornette fell to the carpet. Vanity rushed at her, but the overzealous attacker soon learned her mistake. Ornette's leg snapped up and kicked Vanity right below the knee. The stunned blonde crumpled to the canvas.

Soon, both women were on their knees facing each other. As if on some unspoken command, their hands simultaneously snaked out and grabbed each other's hair. They yanked and twisted and tumbled to the carpet.

What followed can only be

described as a whirlwind of wrestling violence. Kicking, scratching, punching, their bodies writhing and flopping to a rhythm only they could hear, the two women battled for supremacy. No mercy was given nor expected. No one remembers how long this ferocious exchange went on. All they can recall is the excitement they felt while watching this majestic spectacle.

It ended as strangely as it began. Ornette wrapped her legs around Vanity's belly, hoping to torture her foe into submission. Instead, driven by some force within her, Vanity got to her feet, carrying Ornette like some child. The larger woman grabbed her foe around the neck and rushed to the wall. Hysterically, Ornette's fists battered Vanity's torso in the few instants before Ornette felt her back crash into the wall. In one moment, everything froze as Ornette's body arched and seemed suspended in air. Then, as if in slow

(Continued on page 64)

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RECKLESS BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 62)

motion, the injured blonde slid down Vanity and fell to the carpet.

Vanity was elated but clearly feeling the effects of Ornette's body blows. You could hear the blonde rasp as she tried to breathe through lungs punished by sore ribs. The ordeal had taken much out of her. Vanity's expression told of a woman who's gone far enough but afraid she still must go farther.

Ornette saw the look but could do little to take advantage. Her head was ringing from the blow against the wall. There was a stinging pain in the small of the back. You could see the rage in Ornette's eyes as she realized her foe would fall under any assault, but there was nothing she could do about it.

For more than a minute, a silent truce was declared. The two women sat on the carpet, their voluptuous bodies drinking in air and hoping for a miracle. It seemed as if it would be a draw, neither woman able to continue the war.

Then, Vanity started her final assault. With a maniac's persistence, she struggled toward her foe. There were a few seconds



The women fall to the carpet but don't release the death grips that pull and tear at their blonde hair.



Her alabaster thighs squeeze Vanity's head like a vise as Ornette goes for broke late in the brawl.

of fumbling and blocking, but she finally captured Ornette in a vicious headlock. She squeezed with what strength she had left. One could see the veins sticking out on her neck as she strained for the last amount of power.

It now became a test of wills. If Ornette could survive this agony, Vanity would surely collapse. One could see the determination on the victim's face to withstand the torture one second longer, then another second, then another. Any torture can be tolerated if there is an end in sight.

Yet, even when the end is in sight, the instant can seem like an eternity. It was this, the overwhelming agony that conquered all reason, that led to Ornette's surrender. Just as she described it, Ornette's body grew more and more tense, rigid from the struggle with mindless terror, and then she fell limp. Her body surrendered.

Vanity felt the surrender and started to tremble. Her grasp flew open and she fell to the carpet. Tears streaked down her face that was contorted into an expression no one could define. She was the winner, but appreciating it on some level most of us will never reach. ☐



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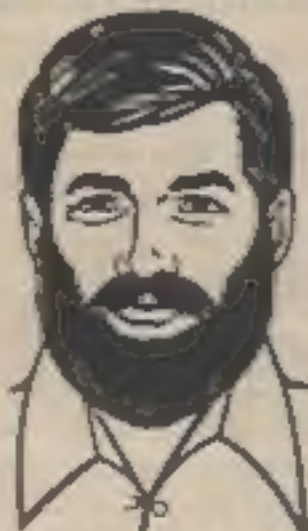
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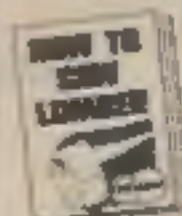
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